

THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE, AND AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

NEC INVIDIE, NEC TIMORIS DOMINIO.

VOL. II.....No. 24.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1826.

WHOLE UNITED No. 93.

FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.

Cowley.

No. III.

The living multitudes of the streets attracted far less of my attention than the shadowy forms that flitted around, to imagination's eye, the ancient dwellings of their mortal estate. I wandered to antiquity, and fancied I beheld the inhabitants of other days; they who were actuated by the same passions and delighted with the same baubles—inspired by the same illusive hopes, and haunted by the same desponding fears, which sway the vascillating minds of their posterity. It was then accounted eccentricity and vulgarity to deviate from those manners and fashions, which excite nothing but ridicule in this distant age. It was then a guarantee of popularity to write in the Della Cruscan style in poetry, and follow Boccaccio, in obscene romance; now another fashion prevails, to us more rational, but perchance less durable. It was once a test of nobility to domesticate a priest, and in all temporal as well as spiritual matters to ask and follow his advice and guidance; it is now a proof of manhood and liberal ideas to laugh at all who minister in holy things, to discredit their doctrines and blaspheme the God who gave the atheist a soul to conceive, and a tongue to utter his disbelief. Which is the most rational? which the most estimable in responsible creatures, superstition that accredits all things, or infidelity that believes nothing?

He, who erected yonder equestrian statue, doubtless intended to immortalize his person, as he supposed his deeds had perpetuated his name and character. But there it lies in the dust, trodden on by thousands, who neither know nor care who raised the marble image, or whom it represented—who worshipped before it in other days, or who overthrew it to the earth. And this is glory! Where dwell the names and the memories of myriads who bravely courted death and eternal honour in the battle's van, like thousands who now rush to slaughter and triumph in undying fame? All passed and vanished! For a thousand years countless thousands have been hurrying along these streets, intent on glory or gain—the votaries of pleasure, avarice or ambition

—and where are they? They are seen no more. Their history is short; they breathed, they died—they were, they are not. Their epitaphs are brief—they toiled for pleasure and found it pain; they grasped at life, and sunk in the embrace of death. So the multitudes of the earth come and go in endless succession; so these shall disappear who are now fretting in the fever of expectation and counting on many years to come; and the eye that beholds, and the heart that moralizes over them will close, and become cold and silent like those of all who have been. But not less gaily will the world move on. Still men will pant and toil to perpetuate their fleeting memories; “to give to airy nothing a habitation and a name.” A great city is a most melancholy place; every thing around reminds the passenger so unceasingly of his own mortality. The state carriage and the hearse follow one another; the nobleman and the beggar jostle each other on the flag-stones; the lady and the orange-woman meet together; all ranks and degrees are confounded and all hurry on in the same way to the vast dwelling of all nations—where silence and solitude forever brood; “where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.”

I trust the reader will pardon these natural wanderings of the musing imagination. That heart must be impenetrable, and that spirit dull as the dykes of the Netherlands, which can pass along the highways of London without feeling the eloquent spirit of the scene. I resume my own story—not, however, without a consciousness of its unimportance amidst the visible history of innumerable generations, who have passed and vanished with the incessant mutations of all earthly things. Leaving Bridge-street, I plunged among the throng and was hurried down the crowded Strand, through seas of dirt and filth, which neither added to positive comfort nor personal decoration. The vast multitudes forever hurrying along, intent each on his favourite schemes of vanity, and hoarding up for himself, by the sanguinity of his expectancy, a world of future disappointments, are almost necessary to preserve one another, at this season of the year, from many an unamusing prostration on the slippery pavements. The stream of life rolls on, however, so densely and so unintermittently that he must be friendless indeed who could find no one ready to uphold him in his peregrinations. It is pleasant to remark and discriminate, as one is carried along by the cur-

rent, to observe the countless varieties of form, countenance, dress and gait, which characterize the innumerable assemblage. Here the merchant passes with compressed lips, keen, searching eyes, and calculating brow; moving with hasty strides to the guardianship of his wealth, careless of the clarity of his lamb's-wool hose, and the shining ebony of his silver buckled shoes; indifferent what varieties of colours may diversify his soiled habiliments, if he can but opportunely secure his speculations from failure, or his speculations from detection. There the genuine cockney in dandietts, trips along with a countenance as vacant, unintelligent, and more unintelligible than a signpost by the way-side; his rayless eyes glimmering, like frozen moonlight amid a wintry rack, through his fantastic quizzing-glass, and his unfathomable lips protruding forward to the manifest discomfiture of his predecessors. Behind him flits a gay lady, dressed in the richest silks, beattified with jewels, holding her robes at a most unseemly attitude to preserve them from the slightest stain, while her honor is left to shield itself as it may from the bold stare and expressive smile which assail its weakness. It occurred to me, while passing down the Strand, that Byron might have said of the English, as well as of the Italian women, that they

“Left not much mystery for the bridal night.”

The grossness of this indelicacy is utterly indefensible, for the offence is unnecessary; since well-dressed women might pass the streets, if they thought proper, without either revealing their garters or soiling their flounced robes. Next follows the coachman, dark as Erebus, scattering blackness and brimstone in his pestilent career. Then comes the orange-woman, crying, at the top of her lungs, the nonpareil excellence of her fruit. Immediately behind her marches an officer of the guards, in his crimson panoply; his towering crest waving amid coal-bags and meal-bags and dust-bags and every other defilement, which, for better effect, are all carried on the head, not unfrequently hiding the vision of their bearers, and forcing blind way for themselves. Now the priest in his tasselled and phylacterised gown, salutes you with a benedictive smile, followed by the Quaker, who practices after the example of Mordecai, bowing not, nor doing reverence to any thing on earth—except himself. Amid all and over all, the tattered mendicant soars in unquestionable independence, taxing every one for his pleasure

and amusement and paying, *mirabile dictu!* no taxes to the king. The grocery boy, and the milliner's maid are seen hastening on their respective embassies; the one bearing substantial realities to some old bachelor, that cares not for the finery which the latter conveys to some fair lady, who hopes therewith to enthral his obdurate heart. Yonder a funeral train is passing; and here comes a gay cavalcade, just returning from the bridal. At the corner of that dingy street stands one, who has seen better days, in all the wretchedness of utter desolation, gazing at the mirror-like carriage of some lordly pest, that sweeps along and offers not a look of pity.

Amid such objects, and thousands more I need not stop to describe, I passed by Exeter, Change and through Temple Bar; both places conveying much pleasanter ideas through the auditory than the visual organs. Thence I passed up Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, and delivered another introductory letter to a gentleman, who, I soon discovered, notwithstanding his urbane manner and polite deportment, beheld America as the rival of a country naturally dearer to him than any transatlantic territory. Among the subjects suggested and hastily discussed at this first interview, La Fayette's reception determined the veering of his humour. To my remark that the history of all nations could not, I apprehended, afford a parallel to the simple grandeur of his triumphant march among a grateful people, he replied, somewhat peevishly, "that the Americans had made great fools of themselves, he thought, in rendering such obsequious homage to a man who was scarcely heard of before Congress took it into their heads to make a show." I could pardon much of the ill nature of this observation, however, when I reflected that La Fayette was a Frenchman. But, to atone for what he must have perceived was an ungracious remark, he expressed himself very liberally of our institutions, our spirit of internal improvement and commercial enterprise, our national economy and general prosperity; intermingling, occasionally, some piquant touches, extracted from Ashe and Fearon and Faux, in relation to our undignified magistrates, our negro slavery, our encouragement of the infidel philanthropist Owen, *et cetera*, which more perfect information would have converted into applause. In all his observations it was not difficult to behold the thorough-bred Englishman. I spoke of Clinton and canals, (which two words will always be companions) he enquired with considerable earnestness if the opening of those great aquatic thoroughfares had facilitated the commerce of Canada.—When the universal prosperity of the United States was mentioned, he asked if British emigrants generally succeeded well among us. Our system of penitentiaries being mentioned, and the consequent remark made that the

crimes of offenders conducted, under the milder regimen of hard labour instead of gibbeting, to the prosperity of the country which originally suffered by their vices, he observed that when English prisons failed to produce any decrease of criminality, he should despair of seeing any salutary effects of prison discipline in any country; for the Devil himself,

"When he passed by Cold Bath Fields
And look'd at a solitary cell,"

is reported to have succumbed to the superior ingenuity of man, and thence to have taken "a hint for improving the prisons of hell."—On every subject the same disposition prevailed over the artificial forms of courtesy; and I left him, impressed with the belief that ages must elapse ere England will forget that the United States were once her colonies; and that, however courteous may be diplomatic negotiations, however friendly the greetings of admirals on the ocean or generals on shore, there dwells in the hearts of the vast proportion of Englishmen a feeling of mingled envy and disappointment towards America, which time alone can change into sincere individual and national esteem.*

Proceeding through Bow-street, a word and place dreaded above all earthly apprehensions by many a frail and fallible fair one, and many a doughty snatchaway, to whom Bow is a convertible term for Old Bailey and that again for New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, and passed into Holborn, (pronounced by the cockneys Hoobourne, as hotels are called hot-hells, which in sooth they are in London,) on my way to Guildford-street, Queen Square. In this vast thoroughfare, which leads into Great Oxford-street, and that again through the whole extent of the metropolis, one meets with an infinite variety of human life. On the sidewalks, the lawyer, with his immense green bag, frequently filled with any thing but briefs, pendent from his shoulder, perambulates with the utmost expedition towards the venerable recesses of the Inner Temple, to execute his innumerable commis-

* The general ignorance which prevails among the English in relation to every thing American, is perfectly astonishing and unaccountable. I have sometimes thought that we were on an equality with the Caribbees, the Kamtschadales, or the ignoti populi of Melville Island. The strangest and most ridiculous questions are asked by persons not otherwise uninformed. An American is looked upon by many as an object of the highest curiosity; very much like an African lion, a moose, or a rhinoceros. A very respectable woman expressed the greatest surprise that I was an American and did not talk in some unnamed and unnameable language. "Why, Sir, you speak English very well," said she, with great naivete. "What else should I speak?" "Ah! I don't know—but—but did you come all the way from the wilderness of America?" Thousands have no other idea of the United States than that the whole country is one vast wild—a mighty chaos of forests and precipices, where the people live after the approved fashion of the wild beasts.

sions. This is apparent, but is it real? Mark him closer; dog him pertinaciously. Dost thou trace a shadow flitting away among the Critan avenues of Fleet Market, and silently stealing along the dark railways and chaotic courts that branch around the place of eatables? Return now to Holborn Bars and wait in patience, using the eyes which nature gave thee with all possible indulgence! Welcome, thou indefatigable limb of the law! Here comes the attorney, doubtless from the testamentary deathbed of some fishwoman, or hastening to authenticate a codicil to the will of some expiring mendicant! Importance glows in every acute-angled feature; secrecy lurks in the impenetrable corners of those suspiciously scrutinizing eyes. Be not deceived; be not taken unawares by the exterior of any man, else thy purse will peregrinate, unwilling companion, with the footpad, and thy conscience become like that of a prebendary of St. Paul's, or a diplomatist of Londonderry. Know that this is a fellow, who, for want of other practice, practises on the vanity of law-going people, and, by assuming incessant occupation, augments the value of his particular condescension. Were it not for the hollow gripings of his dinnerless stomach, he would impose on himself, and verily persuade his own deluded fancy that no lawyer on earth had such numberless clients.

Amid the thundering multitude of carriages, that whirl and dash away in all directions, one may distinguish an unoccupied physician by the endless circumlocutions he makes, and the immense bustle attendant on all his motions. Here his outrider knocks louder than thunder among the Appenines, and his master enters through a court; where he is at liberty to pass five minutes without poisoning or pilfering any body, or holding any treasonable commune with the loyal people of the realm. Then he hurries forth, like one intent on other prey, and hastens to another obscure alley where he institutes once more the same plausible imposition. Thus people manage in a great city. Every one is playing a game for his own especial aggrandizement, with malice prepense against the pocket, life and liberty of his guarded and suspicious neighbour.

But the most amusing character in the world of London is the unsophisticated country booby; one who has never ambulated twenty miles before in his life from the customary perfumes of Lancashire manufactories, or the rotten fens of Lincolnshire. Lost, bewildered, dizzy with delight; fearful of doing wrong even by a movement or a look, wondering at every thing and suspecting nothing, he stares around him as if suddenly translated from his native marshes to the fairy gardens of Morgiana—beholding every one he meets with outpopping eyes of admiration, as if he would fall down and worship such superior intelli-

gences. Poor fellow! he finds some superior intelligences, indeed, to his serious cost, ere he is doomed to return to the obscurity of rural life; for, before he has traversed a single street, he is generally relieved of every thing removable about his person by some one of the innumerable St. Giles's gentry, who haunt this metropolis of all iniquity; and he hurries away to his quiet dwelling place, with curses instead of blessings, and hatred instead of admiration.

High Holborn enjoys a superiority over many other streets in London, in its breadth and comparative cleanliness. But the noises here are so loud and so unintermitting, that none but the most determined devotees of gain could endure them for a single day. When I speak of noises, I do not intend the usual disturbing sounds of a thronged city; but one eternal roar and howl, and hue and cry, in every octave of human modulation, and inhuman too—striking full, all at once, upon the tympanum and driving one almost to madness. How the cockneys contrive to endure this everlasting clamour, it passes my ability to comprehend; and yet, I suppose, it would be like depriving the infant of its mother's milk to abstract these burrowers from the sound of Bow bells—so much are all animals, biped and quadruped, the creatures of habit. I observed nothing attractive or splendid as I passed up Holburn. The buildings, barring their uncomfortable antiquity, had nothing unusual about them. The rust of ages was scattered plentifully over them assuredly; but, methought, they would have made a much more impressive appearance, had some relieving stucco supplied its place. I am very fond of rambling among ruins, in fancy, and also in reality; but to meet any occupants in such places hath something outre and ghoul-like about it; something odd and out of the pale of humanity. It is like meeting a ghost on a dark heath, or stumbling over a frigid, bright-eyed toad in a pestilent dungeon. Let ruins be ruins—dwellings only of the bat and the owl; the deaf adder and the spotted lizard; but, gramercy! preserve us from domestication among the shivered pannels and shattered wainscots—the long dismal galleries and oriel windows—the creaking doors and oscillating roofs of the ancient days! give us something light and airy, where the sunlight of heaven can enter, once a day at least, and the sweet air visit the chamber before it wanders down to earth, to gather poison from the corruptions and abominations of kitchens and sewers! I am a worshipper of the azure sky, the vernal rain and dew, the sunbeams and the breezes of nature; and, therefore, dwellings like these “lose discountenanced and like folly show,” when inhabited by rational beings. Were some of the streets exhibited as a succession of venerable ruins, no doubt I should admire their solitary dreariness, their

dark vapours and wonderful echoes for a while; but the English cannot expect that any traveller fond of the good things of this life, should respect and reverence a ruinous habitation.

Turning out of Holburn, I proceeded through very close and confined, and uncleanly passages to Red Lion Square, and thence to Guildford street, where I met with the celebrated John Mason Goode, M. E.* to whom I carried a letter from one of the most learned and excellent persons in New-York,† one whose favours are bestowed without superciliousness, and with whom obligations are not debts, exacted on all occasions, and paid, pittance by pittance, with a murmur and a curse. My reception here was warm and cordial. The manners of Dr. Goode are those of a perfect gentleman; his conversation that of a learned and experienced sage. Mild and unassuming, yet courteous and dignified, he wins rather than exacts respect, and woos one's deference to his virtuous qualities, while he enjoys augmented admiration of his intellectual superiority. He is considerably advanced in the journey of life, yet his natural strength seems unabated, and his mind as active as in the dayspring of being. Having passed some time very pleasantly with him and obtained his directions to lodgings in a neighbouring street, I left him with an invitation to his house at all times. Frequently afterwards I enjoyed the gratification of his excellent society; and, if this humble tribute to his erudition and his worth should ever meet his eye, I trust he will esteem it the honest expression of republican opinion; the frank testimonial of a grateful heart, which will ever entertain respect for his character, public and private, and pray, in a distant land, that peace may accompany his declining years, and the favour of heaven attend him unceasingly here and hereafter.

Having procured furnished apartments at the moderate rate of ten dollars per week, I took a hackney coach in the Strand, and hastened to bring up my mother from the vessel. After considerable trouble, we passed safely through the custom-house and the dock-yard gates; but so great was my mother's repugnance to the whole system then pursued that nothing could induce her to enter them again; and, therefore, we saw no more of our excellent Captain from that day. Not an hour elapsed ere we reached Queen Square; and,

* Dr. Goode, besides many able medical works, is the author of several excellent poems, and the translation of, except Tacitus, perhaps the most difficult of the Latin writers, namely, Lucretius, (*de rerum natura*.) He is a signal instance of the superiority of self-education over the dogmas and diplomas of the schools. Like Franklin, he never suffered matriculation or graduation, either at Oxford or Cambridge. His own mind established his literary rank, without favoritism and without caprice.

† Dr. Hosack.

having had a specimen of London imposition in our coachman, who charged nine shillings instead of two, his regular and legal fare, which my ignorance of metropolitan regulations compelled me to pay, we were ensconced in our rooms, in the evening of the 28th of January, 1826; happy that we had escaped innumerable dangers, by water and by land; and scarcely able to persuade ourselves that we were in the midst of that vast city-world, whose history is fraught with such memorable deeds and immortal characters as give a colouring of romance to the mind of a stranger, who, for the first time calmly sits down and says to himself this is London!



In the codicil to the will of Mr Thomas Nash, (well known by the appellation of Beau Nash) late of the city of Bath, Esq. deceased, is the following curious and ludicrous bequest:—

“Codicil.—I give and bequeath to the elders for the time being, of the Moravian congregation, at Bath, the sum of £100 sterling in trust for the benefit of their necessitous brethren, to be distributed in the alms as they find occasion may require: and I hereby give and bequeath to the Mayor, the senior Aldermen, and the Town Clerk of Bath, for the time being, the sum of £40 per annum, in trust payable out of the Bank Long Annuities standing in my name at the Bank of England, for the use and benefit and enjoyment of the ringers belonging to the Abbey Church of Bath, on the condition of their ringing, on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various solemn and doleful changes (allowing proper intervals for rest and refreshment) from 3 o'clock in the morning, until 8 in the evening, on the 14th day of May, in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding day, and also on the anniversary of the day of my decease, to ring a grand bob major, and merry mirthful peals unmuffled, during the same space of time and allowing the same intervals as above-mentioned, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness; and for the full, strict, and due performance of such conditions, they, the said ringers, are to receive the £50 per annum, in two payments of £25 each, on those respective days of my marriage and decease. I further will and direct, that the aforesaid ringers do enter (for the first time) the very next day following after my interment, and to receive £25, one half-year's dividend, for so doing. Written with my own hand, this 14th day of May, 1813. THOS. NASH.

“Since in this World I no relief can find
To a heart broken, and distracted mind;
Bereft of hope, shut out from every friend,
Come, welcome death, and all my sorrows end!”

Irish Paper.

Popular Tales.

THE YORKSHIRE ALEHOUSE

(Concluded from our last.)

Apart from him, and divided at equal distances round a little table, sat three of those wise and profound persons who settle all movements by land and sea, taxation, tithes, parliamentary influence—and what perhaps promised, from their course of life, to be of more importance,—parochial settlements, and the blessing of having charity doled out to the moiety of mankind by the reluctant hand of the legislature. In imitation, too, of their Saxon ancestors, who debated all serious subjects once drunk and once sober, they had commenced in drink, knowing there would be time for reflection and sobriety soon, when cash grew scant, and credit scarce. "Confound all your flowered and open-stitch luxuries," said one, a journeyman manufacturer of the finest Yorkshire broadcloth; "confound them all, say I, since wool may clothe them all like peeresses and princesses. Away with your flimsy silk, and your gaudy satin, and your fine woven laces, and your striped flowered muslins; and up with the fleece and the comb. One of our best blues, with a cut-steel button from Rhodes or Sheffield, might become men, were they all demigods. It will never be a merry country again, till the wool-comb puts down the spinning jennies and the lace-ooms; and then for the beef, and the bread, and the beer." And he emptied a quart of ale at a draught—and flourished the burnished vessel around his head, in defiance of contradiction.

"I will tell ye my mind, plump and plain," said a travelling dealer in cattle, balancing in hand at the same time, a flagon of ale crowned with white foam like a competition cauliflower, which he held halfway between the table and his lips, like one resolved to be brief. "I tell ye what—I would pull down the mills, and make a bonfire of the machinery, and hang one half of the weavers by the light of their own blazing looms, and banish the other. I would turn pleasant Lancashire into good grass parks, where you would hear nought but the low of fattening cattle, and see nought but merry men making bargains, and giving glorious luck-pennies, in the corner of every field. And should any one ask you who said so, ye may say it was Dick Desborough, of the North Riding, damn me." And the concluding flourish of swearing was quenched to a whisper in the flagon of ale, into the foam of which he instantly dived.

"Dick Desborough," said his other comrade balancing him elf with difficulty on his seat, spilling the ale at every attempt which he made to lift it to his lips, "Dick Desborough

I will dispute with no man—opinion is free—or what have we signed the petition to parliament about, and giving the king good advice? Opinion, Dick, is no taxed commodity, thanks to Hampden and Hunt for that—it is as free as the wind—as free as the light of thy eye, Rebecca, my dear, so here goes opinion. Confound yarn winnells, grass-parks, lowing cattle, dealers, and all luck-pennies, glorious or inglorious. Confound them, hide and hair—fell and flesh, skin and bone. Give me a sharp ploughshare—a free furrow cut clean as Rebecca's ribbon, a showery and sunny summer, and a hot harvest, and then I will show you a merry Old England again. The flagons foam, the lasses will dance, the lads will sing, and all men will laugh at sharp taxation and rotten boroughs, and lying evils and standing armies. Confound pasture and spinning mills, says Bill Swingletree; and so said his father before him."

"And who laughs at standing armies, I shall be glad to know?" said a tall and blooming virago, who, seated in a corner between two travelling heroes of the fire-lock and knapsack, seemed desirous to be considered as appertaining to both. The arm of a little carrotty-headed corporal had invaded, and partly occupied, the ample circumference of her waist; while her upper works were in the possession of a brawny private, with long waxed mustaches, a grim eye, and a menacing aspect. "And who laughs at the lads of the gun, and the sword?" said the heroine, rising up to give greater emphasis to what she was about to say. "I have seen better men, and handsomer thrown in by the dozen, like sand-bags, to fill a wet ditch during a hasty march, than the cleverest one among ye. Confound ye for eld-hoppers, and combers of wool, and drivers of cattle! Does it become such fellows as you to speak slightly of our gallant soldiers? You who sit, full-fed, and warm, and safe, at home, when the bullets fly and the bayonets are crimsoned, and the brooks of a foreign land are increased with English blood? Ye eat when ye are hungry—ye drink when ye are dry—ye go to bed when ye please—and ye rise to the crowing of the cock, or the sound of the harvest horn—ye hide your heads when the rain falls—and ye work but when the sun shines—and ye dance, and ye sing, and ye make mouths at your betters—and to whom are ye indebted for all these indulgences, but to the good and gallant soldier? And yet must I hear words of scorn for those who kept bloodshed from your doors, by many a gallant deed, on many a bloody field? I would not give the little finger of poor Sandie Frazer, who lies buried in the gory dykes of Bergen-op zoom, for a whole North Riding of such productions as you—and I am a North Riding lass, myself—Nancy Rutherford by name."

"And is poor Sandie Frazer dead?" said a young woman, entering the door of the ale-house, with a child in her arms, and another at her foot. Then my pilgrimage is ended; and these bonnie babes are fatherless." And she sunk down on a seat at the threshold—drew the children to her bosom, and sobbed aloud. "But let me understand you, lass," said Nancy of the North Riding. "Our Sandie Frazer may not be your Sandie Frazer,—our lad was tall, with sunny hair, bright blue eyes, lisped somewhat in his speech, and his speech was very sweet—he smiled when he spoke, sung like a thrush, and danced as light as a leaf in the wind." "Enough, enough," said the young woman, "ye have seen my Sandie Frazer; there was but the lad whom the mother of these two children loved, and he lies dead in a trench. Woe's me for ye, my two sweet unhappy weans." "A pot of Burton ale to a drink of ditch-water," said the other, "that ye are the lass he always sighed for and spoke about—ye have the very look of the one he has described to me—only saddened down like, and touched with sorrow somewhat. Sorrow's a sad hand for a fair face—she has laid her finger on me in her time. But speaking of bonnie Sandie—d'ye come from near Dumfermline? and is your name—I forget now—it is a queer name, a Mac—something; but if ye be she, your father disowned ye, and your mother turned ye from the door, cause ye wedded corporal Fraser. Plague on their Scottish pride."

The young woman replied, with a shriek of pleasure and of agony, "and did he aye speak about me, say ye—and did he tell you the story of our love? Then shall I seek bread for his bairns through the wide world, with a contented though a sorrowful heart. Will ye say what ye ken of his death? I can bide it, I can bide it." "It's a tale soon told," said she of the North Riding; "I marched with Corporal Cater then—he's dead and buried in a bloody grave, as well as your bonnie Sandie—oh the dykes of Bergen-op zoom!—I saw them full of water at midnight, and found them filled with dead bodies in the morning. The first known face I saw was that of black Dick Rateiffe, of Scarborough. But let me tell my tale right—and first let me advise my Dumfermline lass to taste a drop of this neat cheering article—a sorrowful heart's always dry. Well, well, we wont—ye'll grow wiser, lass—I was soot like thyself, when I first followed the camp; but I soon learned—a marching regiment's a prime school; and I'm far from dull in my comprehension. However, I will tell ye what I saw—I saw seventeen hundred bonnie lads, and your Sandie Fraser among them marching out at dead of night to the storming of that dirty Dutch town. They went out as silent as the grass o'er which they trod; and with them went two caravans—one drawn by

grey horses, and the other by black—I thought as I followed them, that it looked like a funeral; the caravans belonged to the surgeons, and were for bearing back the wounded. As they went along I heard Corporal Frazer say to the chief surgeon, 'If ye bring me back, let me come with the grey; for the black looks like a hearse:' and an old Scotch soldier, who marched by his side, said, 'We shall not need Frazer—we shall lie stark and stiff, with many a pretty man, before the dawning. I have seen—but it will not dispirit our comrades if I say what I have seen. Bergen-op-zoom is the last place we shall see, and we shall not behold it by day.'"

"Come, come, Nan, lass," said the little corporal, "you have said too much about the puddle dub—all-weedy ditch and frog marsh—old mother twenty trows, dull dirty Holland. Can't you say to the girl at once, that Frazer and five hundred others were shot in the ditch and have done with it—damme, you are as tedious as a gazette."

"And damn swampy Holland, Nan, my good girl," said the tall private, "it's not worth the fag-end of a blank cartridge. Give me good old Spain, say I, where you can have a bullock for a bullet, a madonna to cook it, & replenish your canteen—where the floors are silver, and the reliques pure gold. Ah! many the pretty little saint of the right metal I have had in my knapsack; here's to a merry Spanish campaign, say I, and let Holland go to the hogs—where a man cannot have a mouthful of meat without the current metal—a curse upon the land, say I; and may the dykes break, and the sea resume its empire."

"Peace, thou moiety of manhood," said she of the North Riding, "and silence, thou mere flint-snapper." "And now, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline town, as poor Corporal Frazer called thee, I will tell thee of the last of his marches. We went out at midnight, as silent as shadows, and halted not till we saw the dykes and ramparts dark before us—with here and there a twinkling light, and here and there a sentinel pacing his rounds. We moved on—a dog barked, and a soldier saw us and fired, and, without a shout, down rushed our men, and the work of death began. Shot after shot—knell after knell—small-arms first, and then cannon—men falling from the ramparts, and men dropping in the ditch—the sound of trumpet, the shout and the huzza—formed a concert fitter for devils than men. I said it was midnight, and that scarcely a light twinkled—it was bright as mid-day soon, and lights in thousands and tens of thousands were flashing in every direction. Flights of rockets, thrown from the town, hung over us like a canopy of stars—ye might have counted every musket—numbered every button—called every man by his name; while from the batteries the balls flew on us like hail. Think ye not that

our gallant lads were idle—the ramparts were thrice lost, and thrice won. But why should I make a long tale of sorrow and distress? Day at last dawned, and showed me the dykes dammed with the dead and dying. One of the first I saw was my own poor corporal: two balls, and a pike, had done their work—all in the bosom; and a true bosom it was to me! and I have been faithful to his memory while I could, but resolution cannot last forever, and tears cannot run like a stream. Close beside him lay bonnie Sandie Frazer—pike and bullet had been dealing with him too—a ball to the brow—and a white broad brow it was—and a pike to the bosom—and so go our gallant spirits away! It was hot work, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline; it was hot work."

"Ye have said enough," said the young woman; "but I expected all this. On the night of the storming of that fatal place—it might be twelve o'clock—I was lying with my two babes in a farmer's barn, and I thought I was sleeping—but your story tells me I was awake. A light came into the barn, and I put my hands over my babe's face, that it might not awake; and looking up, I saw Sandie Frazer wiping the blood from his brow. He gave a smile, and I could but smile—but it was soon changed to shrieking, for he vanished away; and the farmer came running when he heard my cries, and said it was but a dream."

"Hilloah my hearties," said the driver of the wagon, entering, "I have shouted out these ten minutes—we must wag. Come 'long, Nan, with your two troopers—come, trot—jog's the word—wagon and water will wait for no one. And come too, if ye go southward, I will give ye a east of the wagon for pure love. Nay, don't weep, woman; a face like thine will find a husband any where." "I was going southward once," said she; "but I shall turn northward now.—Come, my two sweet fatherless weans, we cannot weel be more desolate—we shall find a bush and a bield somewhere." And she rose, and was about to depart. "Nay, nay," said Nan of the North Riding, "we will not sunder so, my sweet lass of Dumfermline. I have a few trinkets, and popish baubles, and some broad gold pieces, which have survived the Spanish and the Fiemish wars; and, for the sake of bonnie Sandie Frazer, ye shall share them: I need them not. Here's the two lads who win cash for me. Pluck up your heart, and come to the south with us—your story shall win you a pension, or I will write your wrongs on the secretary's forehead with my ten nails."

The wagon moved on, and the ale-house was emptied of most of its inmates. Those whom our little, simple, and perfectly authentic story has at all interested, will be pleased to learn that the young widow of Dumfermline lives in a warm cottage, on a small pension;

and that honest Nancy of the North Riding, won from the folly of her ways by the relict of bonnie Sandie Frazer, forsook the south, much to the sorrow of two entire regiments, and married a douce and sponable widower on the border, and became a subscriber to seven moral and religious tract associations, and an example to three parishes.

Literary.

ON POPE'S PASTORALS.

Two or three questions, connected incidentally with Pope's Pastorals, and which are frequently made the subject of conversation, appear to deserve inquiry.

Pope with many others, was of opinion that the shepherds of bucolic poetry ought always to be represented virtuous, and by much too simple and natural in their manners to be witty. And it was chiefly owing to the restraint which he foresaw this theory would impose upon him, that he declined accomplishing the wish of his friend Walsh, that he should write a pastoral comedy. But how he could nourish this opinion in spite of his acquaintance with Theocritus and Virgil, few of whose swains are remarkable for virtue or for delicacy, is more than we can determine. We acknowledge candidly, however, that could we persuade ourselves the characters of pastoral ought invariably to be simple and faultless, always attacking each other with silly riddles, (like his own about the royal oak, &c.) and eternally mewling in alternate rhymes, we would willingly see a halter about the sylvan muse's neck, to be rid at once of her drawing and impertinence.

But all good poetry makes itself at home in the country where it happens to be produced. English pastoral should describe English manners, divesting itself entirely of all classical partialities, and exercising its invention in communicating to homely names an interest and a charm which nothing but poetry can give. We can see no reason, therefore, why the English bucolic poet should not choose two or three substantial farmers for the subject of his eclogues. They are very leisurable fellows occasionally, and may perchance tune a reed as sweetly as any Sicilian goat herd. Why not? Pedlars and wagoners, persons considered hitherto as very unpoetical, and such as no fashionable muse could honourably converse with, have been conducted upon Parnassus by Wordsworth. Nor does this license in the least offend Apollo. What he blames Wordsworth for, is the remorselessness with which he murders, by trifling and prolixity, his own Doric sweetness. However, the Poet of the Lakes, by exaggerating the rusticity of even the lowliest pastoral, and connecting it frequently with ideas of painfulness and want,

and still raising it into considerable popularity, has shown, whatever may be said, that poetry, answering in kind to the bucolic of antiquity, may be yet capable of interesting and delighting the most civilized age.

The civilization which should render us less alive to the charms of nature, or to their pictures and representatives would be a false and hollow civilization, tending to corrupt our heart no less than our taste. Genuine civilization is nothing more than a thorough knowledge of the elements of human happiness and misery, and of the means best calculated to produce the former and avert the latter. Its proper operation cannot, therefore, be to abridge our pleasures, but to purify them; and as sometimes calling off the attention from business and the pursuit of gain to scenes of rural quiet, and pictures of a happiness cheaply procured, if at all delightful, is innocently so, we think the attempt to please by pastoral should at least be made, as no detriment could possibly accrue thereby to the public.

But what then could the English pastoral poet describe? What characters could he employ? His scenery and his characters are to be found in every county in Britain: woods and downs covered with flocks; fields strewed with yellow sheaves, or with scented hay.

What is there in all the pastoral life more joyous and enlivening than our English harvest-home? Even an ordinary reaping day, full as it may seem of images of labour, would furnish ample matter for an eclogue. Suppose the poet to take a sketch of the field about breakfast-time: the reapers stretched along upon the thick grass by the side of a shady hedge; boys gathering nuts in the bushes; fine brunettes pouring out the foaming ale, or handing round the milk-white curds in wooden bowls: and all present full of mirth and jollity, jesting or laughing between every mouthful, or, more pastoral still, entertaining each other with songs. Rising well-refreshed, and bending their merry brown faces in rows over their bright sickles, a troop of English reapers appears altogether as poetical as the most idle knot of shepherds ever beheld in Arcadia.

However, neither Pope, nor any other English writer of pastorals has chosen to depict exactly our own country manners, amusements, or occupations. Indeed, Pope had not lived long enough at the time he wrote his eclogues, to have made any original observations on living manners, or to be acquainted with the development of the passions in breasts untutored and unrefined. His notions of rural life, such as they were, he had almost entirely borrowed from preceding writers, whether critics or poets; and when he came to employ them in his descriptions, he found they were like the figures dim on Cambray's bonnet, scarcely legible to the imagination.

Still, as his fancy was strongly impregnated with the poetic seeds, and his judgment matured far beyond his years by well-directed study, he felt confidence in his powers of versification, and hoped to naturalize the Sicilian Muses in Windsor's shades.

From his childhood, Pope had enjoyed the advantage of conversing familiarly with men refined in their taste, witty, studious, but yet men of the world. From these he caught, with more rapidity than he could have done from books, that admirable discretion by which he governed his conduct as an author from the beginning. To them the MS. of his pastorals was submitted, and their hints and suggestions, mingled with encouragement and well deserved praise, at once conferring power and confidence, enabled him to be more correct, and to be satisfied that he had written something worth correcting. The vicinity of his father's seat at Binfield to that of Sir William Trumbal, who had been secretary to King William, fortunately brought Pope acquainted with that gentleman, who greatly assisted his studies, and introduced him to several persons of fashion and rank. With most of these he preserved, during their lives, an uninterrupted intercourse and friendship; and when he was afterwards assailed by the legions of Grub-street, that ancient asylum of criticism and dulness, he pleased himself, as well as he might, with reckoning up the illustrious names with which the memory of his youthful productions was associated.

The correspondence he maintained with Walsh and Wycherly, on the subject of his pastorals, is more valuable by far than the pastorals themselves. There we are admitted to witness the cautious and gradual development of the poet's mind, his longings after immortality feebly veiled by modesty and borrowed indifference, his expressions, half affectation and half fire, his passionate devotion to his art, his first views of life, his affection, his enthusiasm. If it were possible to read Pope's poetry without being in love with his character, no feeling, upright heart, could ever withstand the benignity, sweetness, and virtuous earnestness of his friendly correspondence.

But to return to the Pastorals. His design being to paint the four seasons of the year, each in a separate eclogue, he naturally commences with the spring. The dedication is to Sir William Trumbal, and begins thus:

You that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O, let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:—

and then goes on to compare the patron to the nightingale, and the author to the thrush. Two shepherds, Daphnis and Strephon, are

now introduced, and these poor fellows having been kept wakeful by "Love and the Muse" begin at once to be merry, and rouse each other's musical powers by such arguments as the following:

Hear how the birds on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day;
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purpling year!

Strephon knowing no "cause or just impediment" why they should not be musical as well as the linnets, replies—

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain, &c.

And they proceed, alternately chanting four lines apiece, to the end of the chapter. The last line of Daphnis' invitation contains a pretty imitation of the following lines of the *Per-vigilium Veneris*:

*Ipsa gemmeis purpurantem
Pingit annum floribus.*

With flowery gems she paints the purpling year.

Except the musical flow of the verses, there is very little to praise in this eclogue. The sentiments and images, where they are not poor, are hackneyed, and the riddles with which the shepherds puzzle each other are perfectly absurd. Having contended a good while on the comparative beauty of their mistresses, Strephon, exclaims—

Say, shepherd, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bear!
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

But Daphnis, being also big with a riddle, and apparently weary of his mistress, replies—

Nay, tell me first in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields?
And then a nobler prize I will resign,
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine!

And these wretched contrivances were framed after classical models, for Virgil has two riddles every whit as stupid as Pope's. But do we read the antients only to copy their imperfections? Another imitation of the same writer in this pastoral is good, but inferior to the original:

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hide in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

*Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.*

Summer, the second pastoral, is much superior, and the lines in which the poet addresses Dr. Garth are very fine:

Accept, O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;

Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

What an admirable compliment to a physician! In this eclogue, as in the second of Virgil, an unsuccessful lover, bewails his misfortunes, and to do him justice, his grief runs trippingly on the tongue. But here, as before, the best ideas—the descent of the pastoral flute, and the passionate wish to be changed, even into an inferior being, to enjoy the privilege of being near the beloved object—are borrowed;

That flute is mine, which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death!
He said, "Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name."—Pope.

Est mihi disparibus septum compacta sicut
Fistula, Dæmetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixi moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.—Virgil.

Oh! were I made by some transforming power,
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.—Pope.

Some God transform me, by his heavenly power,
Even to a bee, to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.

Theocritus—Dryden.

The following is Pope's imitation of a fine verse of Virgil's:

The mossy fountains, and the green retreats.

The Latin is—

Muscosi fontes, et somno mol lior herba.

Which Dryden has turned into—

Ye mossy springs, inviting easy sleep,

where all the beauty of the exquisite simile is lost.

And Shakspeare, to whom all images were familiar, has a similar expression:

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep.

The third pastoral is remarkably spiritless, and has scarcely any fine verses, excepting the dedication of Wycherley;

Thou, whom the Nine with Plauto's wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Meander's fire:
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh! skill'd in nature? see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

There is one line, however, so exquisitely flowing and musical, that its sweetness may be compared to that of the most melodious in Virgil—

And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove.
Formosam resonare docet Amarillida silvas.

The following, too, have merit, as they give rise to rural associations, though they are at variance with the notions of the critics, who

would keep out of sight all idea of pain and weariness:

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

The fourth pastoral, to which, at the request of Walsh the author gave the form of a Dirge, has more poetry in it and feeling than any of the others.—Two shepherds, watching their flocks at midnight, in a grove, behold the moon rising serenely in the wintry sky, and to shorten the tediousness of night, propose to celebrate the praise of Daphne (Mrs. Tempest). The dead of night is very finely marked in the first of these lines—

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky.

And the wintry season in these.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty withered, and their verdure lost.

In the first eclogue of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' in the atmosphere of the shepherd to the wintry ground, there are lines which Pope had in his eye when writing this pastoral:

Whilome thy fresh spring flowered, and after hasted
Thy summer proud, with daffodillies dight.

Yon naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blooms, wherewith your buds did flower.

There is no occasion, however, to multiply quotations: the general characteristics of the four eclogues are poverty and feebleness of conception, vagueness of expression, absence of passion, want of original imagery. Like many other inferior productions, they are preserved by being associated with works whose seeds of immortality are in themselves; and if they serve to excite industry and application in youth, there may be utility in their conversation. Otherwise, they might very well be omitted in future editions of Pope.

CHARACTER OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY MANNAH MOORE.

"I consider Shakspeare a philosopher as well as a poet. To his acute and sagacious mind, every varied situation of the human heart, every shade of discrimination in the human character, all the minute delicacies, all the distant affections, all the contending interests, all the complicated passions of our species, seem to be laid open as far as is allowed to human discernment. Destitute of the aids of literature and of society, he seems to have possessed by intuition, all the advantages that reading and society bestow: and to have combined the warmest energies of passion, the boldest strokes of imagination, the just properties of reasoning, and the exact niceties of conduct. He makes every description a picture, and every sentiment an axiom. He seems to have known how every being that has existed would speak and act under every supposable circumstance, and in every possible situation; and how a being that never did exist, must speak and act, if he should at any time be brought into actual existence."

Poetry.

The length of the following ROMANCE does not deter us from presenting it to our readers. Its force and beauty will commend it to every lover of poetry.

We beg that NERNA, will often contribute to our paper; she "will always be a welcome guest." EDITOR.

For the Gazette and Athenæum.

ROMANCE.

"Lady, farewell! a dream has passed
Of love and happiness for me;
A vision all too bright to last,
It passes when I pass from thee.
"Lady, farewell! the world in vain
A tie like this hath sought to sever;
Could poverty, disgrace or pain
Estrange my heart from thine?—O never!
Yet fare thee well!"—

He turned to part,

When wildly then, as if her heart
First drank thy bitterness, "farewell,"
With form as light, and eye as bright
As fancy gives the young gazelle,
She threw her snowy arms around him;
Oh who on earth would seek to fly
While such a magic circle bound him!

"For love and me, I pray thee stay,
One little moment linger yet;
Hast thou so soon forgot the day,
The happy day when first we met?
When thy warrior garb and snowy plume
Struck on my youthful eye,
Far, far above the boasted bloom
Of Scotland's chivalry?
And when each maiden bowed before
Thy thrilling glance, which too beamed o'er
This heart like some wild nameless spell,
Unseen, but now—ah, known too well!
I little deemed that as I bent
Beneath thy gaze so bright, intent,
The hour would ever come, when I
Might smile to meet it, fearlessly.
An hour—when to thy bosom press'd,
Encircled in thy fond caress—
My thoughts, my words were wandering—
Oh why does memory ever bring
Visions of all forever gone!
Like some wild meteor flash they shone,
And left me desolate and lone,—
Oh think upon each sacred vow
So purely given—and say canst thou"—

"No—not forget, life from this heart
All bleeding now must first depart
Ere word or look, or smile of thine,
Be cherished not at memory's shrine.
"O Mina! thou canst never know,
How close with life thy love is twined;
The world nor soothes, nor can bestow
Such utter wretchedness as mine.
And yet I blame not, nor upbraid,
A father's will were well obeyed,
Nor reck it much a lover's tear:
Thyself hast told me to forget!"—

"Told thee! ah, yes, I tell thee yet—
Go—go—the world is all for thee,
And many a fairer maid than I
Will share thy love, thy happiness,
All—all this broken heart could bless.

"And thou the fairest flowers shall wreath
About her brow of snow;
And Cupid on the gift shall breathe
And brighter it will glow.
And yet this brow may be more fair—
What tho' no beauteous flowers are there
To mock the heart below!
Oh save sweet garlands for thy bride,
Oh save them, for thine hour of pride—
For they would wither in the gloom,
The coldness, darkness of the tomb.

Go—go—and I will kneel to Heaven,
That all its choicest gifts be given
To her thou lovest; and never be
A tear, a sigh, or thought for me!"

One whisper soft of meeting in
A world above this world of sin:
One mad embrace of soul to soul,
As if they would together cling
Beyond or time, or fate's controul,
Defying all that earth could bring;
"Ten thousand, thousand times farewell"—
And one wild effort broke the spell
Which heart to heart had bound too well.

And he is gone, to where the din
Of battle rushes on the ear;
And he is bravest, foremost in
The death-ranks when the foe is near.
He mingled in the festal throng,
Where love and beauty ruled the hour;
Sweet were the accents of his tongue,
And sooth his song in lady's bower.
The crowded hall, the revelry,
The mask, the dance, the orange grove,
Wherever mirth rose loud and free,
As freely did his footsteps rove.
Yet when upon the battle ground
Each weary soldier calmly slept,
Then he in solitude profound
His lone night-sentry kept;
His heart and thoughts were far away,
With her his first and only love;
Her fairy form, and footsteps gay
Lightly again before him move.

Yon silver moon by dale and hill
On many a happy hour had shone;
That orb was bright and lovely still,
But he—was blighted and alone.

He thought upon her last caress,
On her young bosom's bursting swell,
Until in utter wretchedness
His own heart mocked his "All is well!"

The moon on Scotland's strand is bright,
Where youth and maiden both unite
In merry mood to close the day;
The very bagpipe's note is clear,
And falls upon the listening ear
In its rude echoes blythe and gay.
But hark! from yonder turrets come
Low notes of sadness and of gloom,
As if the unseen minstrel's art
Was prompted by a broken heart:
The pensive strain I bent to hear,
And thus it fell upon the ear.

"Oh bright the sunset clouds ere even
Has thrown her mantle o'er the sky!
As if a glimpse to man were given
Of that far distant, future, Heaven,
His glorious destiny!
But brighter than the golden shroud
That wraps departed day,
And purer than the fleecy cloud

That melts in air away,
Oh such, believe me, love should be,
And such the love I gave to thee.

"We will not meet again—ah! never—
And I may be too soon forgot:
Yet do not think my heart can sever
From all it vowed to love forever,
Tho' weal or woe—should be my lot.

To thee 'twas given in early love,
And still it beats for thee:
Heaven scarcely had a place above
My wild idolatry;
And earth has now no charms for me—
For all my love was giv'n to thee!"

NORNA.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

TO ELLA.

In early youth and friendship's glow,
When life and love were warm we met,
I loved thee then, in weal and woe,
In weal and woe, I love thee yet.

Our early dawn of love was bright,
And youth's gay hope, and feeling dear,
Shone sweetly on our being's night,
The while we strayed together here.

The thought falls coldly even now,
That thus my soul is torn from thee,
Yet has my spirit learnt to bow
Calmly beneath its destiny:

And I have fondly sought to cling
To dreaming hopes of meeting yet,
Of finding in life's second spring
A home for hearts that ne'er forget.

O! had it been our fate to part
Ere I had learnt to worship thee,
Thou hadst been happy, and my heart
Had not been lost in misery.

But let thy bosom's fondness turn
To other, happier love than mine—
To love, which yet may brightly burn,
And joyously, to gladden thine.

For I must roam life's wilderness,
Uncheered by what alone could give
One ray of joy, or sweetly bless
The few short hours, that, I may live.

My heart has known joy's dull decay,
Though still it loves unceasingly;
And thus my life shall pass away,
A prayer to heaven—a thought for thee.

It was a pure and sacred tie
That closely round our hearts was thrown;
Its silvery cords seemed made on high,
To bless our dreams when joy had flown.

We loved its magic twinings then,
And still will memory keep the chain,
Though not so bright, or strong, as when
'Twas given in early friendship's reign.

HUNDA.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19.

Our readers may remember that a few months ago, we gave an opinion regarding the author of the "Waverly Novels," and expressed some doubts whether Sir Walter Scott was, or was not, "the great Unknown." We extract the following letter, from the Daily Advertiser, which, if genuine, settles the matter conclusively, that Sir Walter is not the author.

We still adhere to our former suggestion, that, the novels, are the productions of a Literary Club, not of a single individual.

Sir Walter Scott.—The first delivery of M. Casselm's new edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, in 18 mo. has appeared in Paris, and does much credit to the French editor. This delivery contains *Tales of my Landlord, The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality*. It is accompanied by a fac-simile of the following letter of Sir Walter Scott to the translator, denying that he is the author:—

"To M. Defauconpret, London.

"Sir—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition that I am the author of *Waverly* and the other Novels and Tales which you have translated into French. But, as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatsoever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that author or his works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Edinburgh, April 15, 1826."

MR. EDITOR,

I am, as Mark Antony said of himself, "a plain, blunt, man"—but a most unfortunate dog. Some hearts find relief from sorrow in sighs and tears, while others no consolation, but in unburthening their griefs to a dear friend—Such a friend, Mr. Editor, I wish to make you. I do not purpose, however, to give you a long history of burning sighs and heart-deep tears, nor speak of

"A broken ring,—a wounded dove."

These Miss Landon has treated so tenderly, that I am told she obtained a patent for their exclusive use, and I would not for all the world, trespass upon any man or woman's premises, for as Burns advises,

"Where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that be your border."

Without further preamble, I shall tell you my private cause of sorrow.

Last night, it was my misfortune, to be introduced at my friend Mrs. Bragall's party, to Miss Maria Flirt. She was certainly very beautiful—nay heavenly, and as a poet would say, reminded me more of Shakspeare's Ariel, than a piece of frail mortality—she out-paragoned all of her sex—let me confess moreover, upon my sacred honour, that, though I am twenty-five, I had never known before the thrilling passion called love.

I had not been long by the side of this angel, till our eyes met, and in hers I found such a soft, tender, and affectionate gaze, that I felt a glow overspread my cheeks, and a new palpitation attack my heart. This feeling was too exquisite, to care about its cause. It seemed to me, as we were all alone; the mirth and all the luxuries that scented the room, I neither saw nor heeded.

Alas! however, in the midst of a most learned and interesting conversation, a young thoughtless beau advanced towards us, and asked with a drawling tone, "Miss Flirt, may I have the honour to dance the next cotillion with you?" "Indeed, Mr. Small-talk, I have danced so much this evening, that I am quite fatigued, so pray ye, excuse me." "Come, come now Miss F.—" he retorted in a swaggering tone, "I must have no denial, music you know, is the food of love," (as he said this he turned upon me a look of the most ineffable vacancy, mingled with self-approbation,) and the dance, mademoiselle, O the dance is— is delightful; hang me, madam, if I can find a similitude for the dance: but never mind, you must dance." There was no resisting this torrent of nonsense, which I was told is the fashion, and rather than seem stubborn, Miss Flirt, reluctantly consented. For myself, I never dance.—The cotillion was arranged—the music sounded, and "the poetry of motion," as lady Morgan says, began. I saw not a single soul but my Dulcinea; her beautiful sylph-like figure, her small and exquisitely formed foot, her enchanting auburn hair, that fell in riotous curls over her alabaster neck, and her cheek, which exertion tinged with a deeper red than usual, looked like Persia's rose. Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for this description, which you may perhaps call extravagant, but on such a theme, I must still be poetic. Oh! what raptures filled my whole frame, for ever and anon, I caught her dark hazel eyes, beaming on me. Then I felt love and poetry dwelling in my bosom, strong as small beer, and for the first time confessed that a passage in the Twelfth Night was true to nature, which before I had set down as forced and out of character—and involuntarily exclaimed,

"By the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide."

When the dance finished Miss Flirt was handed to a seat by her partner, whom I a thousand times wished at the bottom of the Red Sea. The first opportunity, I placed myself beside her, and again we entered into a most interesting conversation, to which she gave her whole soul and attention. I did love her, that, she did listen to me, as Othello would have said, had he been in my situation. The ball ended; I escorted her home; I will not repeat all the tender speeches I made on the way, nor the soft replies I received: nor even speak of the gentle squeeze I gave her lily hand, as she stepped out of the carriage, nor hint at the suspicions I then entertained, that she returned it, with such a gentle pressure, it scarcely seemed a touch. We parted; and as I got into the carriage again, I cursed the coachman that he had driven so fast, and kissed my hand that had pressed her's, a thousand and a thousand times. Arrived at my lodgings I could not eat a mouthful of supper, but only swallowed three or four glasses of brandy and water, not that I actually wanted it, but I thought it would inspire me, to write some verses of love poesy. I had never written a rhyme in my life—but now I felt, O, Mr. Editor! I felt as if all the poetic thoughts, words and images, that mankind ever were inspired with since the flood, swell in my bosom; I sat down with a beautiful crow quill, and on elegant embellished paper immediately began to pen a sonnet. Do not imagine that I used ink?—Ink! no, no, every moon-struck stripling uses ink, but I filled my pen with blood from my own veins, Sir. Mr. Editor, I am sure you know what poetry is: it is nothing more than a description of animated or external nature, told in impassioned, figurative, yet natural language. This is more than the Edinburgh Reviewers know, judging from an article on Poetry in a late number.

I will give you a copy of my Sonnet, and, you will find I act up exactly to my definition. It is not on record, that any mortal ever attained excellence in any art, on his first essay, except myself, but you can judge. Here it is.

SONNET.

Addressed to the divine Miss Maria Flirt.

O sweet Maria! O charming creature!

Thou certes must be of angelic birth;

For I will stake my soul, I am so sure,

Thou wert not made a tenant of this earth:

Thy form, thine eyes, thy cheeks, thy matchless

Should be recorded in heroic verse. (worth,

And I, deep smitten with thy charms, thy swain,

Will now essay thy virtues to rehearse,

Would, that from pole to pole, my burning strain

Could spread thy praise: or language could express

How much I love thee:—it is all in vain,

Thou beautiful pattern of loveliness!

My love, my life, my soul's idolatry

O! thou art more than all the world to me.

This is my sonnet, Mr. Editor; Is it not an admirable production for a first effort?*

* No,—we must say that, our correspondent's Sonnet

This written, neatly folded, and addressed, I retired to sleep; such sleep, and such dreams! Heavens and earth! I was in Elysium.

Early in the morning I awoke, and despatched my servant to Miss Flirt's, with my beautiful sonnet.

I am an impatient man. I cursed fashion, that would not permit me to visit my dulcinea before one o'clock, and yet I blessed fashion, that it required me to see her, to ask how her health was after the fatigues of the previous evening. I was in misery, tossed and tumbled about all the morning. At length the fashionable hour arrived, and off I sallied to my fair Miss Flirt, dressed according to my notions of propriety and gentility. I was ushered into the parlour, and after waiting half an hour, the divine object appeared habited in a robe a-la-mode. After the approved salutations of courtesy had passed, I enquired how she liked my Sonnet.

"I am not," she replied, "a judge of poetry, but it reads very well."

"Madam," said I, "it has at least one merit, it is truly from the heart." As I said this she held down her head and blushed; my heart throbbed as if it would have burst its encasement—I drew my chair nearer, and nearer; I gently took her hand, pressed it to my bosom and sighed most eloquently. "Maria, my dear Maria, look up, nay do not be cruel." For the soul of me, notwithstanding this fine speech she uttered not a single word, but still held her head down.—That she did not reply, I construed it in my own favour, that she did not look up, I put it down to modesty, bashfulness, and all that class of fine sounding words. I was sure I had made a conquest, and was consequently more pressing and urgent for an answer—(I am told, Mr. Editor, that most men in love are diffident and retiring—I am an exception—) but hang me, if I could get a word out of her. Then I fell upon my knees, begged, beseeched—and lastly prayed, that she would only say she loved me, for I vowed, heart and soul to be hers, and hers only for ever and ever. I expatiated upon her worth, and dwelt upon her incomparable beauty, dear Mr. Editor, I could not tell you half that I said. Well Sir, what do you imagine was the result of all this? She turned round, and burst into a rude hoarse,—(devilish I was going to say,) laugh, right in my face. "What is this madam, what am I to understand by your laughter?" I enquired, perhaps, somewhat tartly.

does not come up to his own definition of poetry, there is too much of the mock heroic in it. We assure him we have often refused much better verses, but as his article, on the whole is "passing well" we have concluded rather than mutilate his communication to give it entire. Should he contribute hereafter to our paper, we hope he will confine himself to sober prose, for he never will be a favourite with the master whom he wishes to serve—Apollo.

Ed.

"Really I do not know," she said.

"Do not know, Miss Flirt; what did you mean by your kind looks and attractions last night?"

"Nothing."

"When you stepped out of the carriage, I pressed your hand, you returned the compliment, what did you mean by that?"

"Nothing."

"You kindly received my Sonnet, what did that mean, madam?"

"Nothing, I am sure."

"You blushed when I said it was truly from my heart, you turned your head away in silence when I declared my passion, what did you mean by that?"

"Certainly nothing."

"Then let me tell you, Miss Flirt," said I in a rage, "you have a most apt appellation, and like every one of your character, are made up of a jumble of *nothing*!"

"Sir, pray remember in whose presence you are—"

"I beg pardon, madam, if in the heat of my passion, I forget that you are a woman, and by an indecorous act, ceased to show that I pitied you for being born such."

"Sir, I am surprised, that because I permitted you to pay me some attention last night, more from novelty than any thing else, that you should suppose I was dying in love with you. O! there is nothing in this world to exceed the vanity of men."

"Save that of woman," I added apart.

"And then," continued she, "that you should presume to send me such an execrable Sonnet."

"I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry."

"There is your Sonnet, take it back, sir—I would not, to be Sappho herself, be doomed to read it again."

"Mr. Editor, she condemned my poetry. I could have forgiven any thing but that—it was the climax, and I could stand it no longer, so I darted out of the room like a fury, and hurried to my own chamber, where I have been roaring and swearing against all woman-kind. Having just drank a few glasses of brandy and water I feel more composed, and have concluded to send you this history, and enquire what is the most proper course to pursue towards Miss Flirt, and how I can best escape the calumnies of this calumniating world."

Should I curse the sex, vow eternal celibacy, and join THE BACHELOR'S CLUB?

Yours, with admiration,

HASTY T. SOTHEART.

Answer. You have done very wrong to suppose that a lady could possibly fall in love at first sight, she never commits such an indis-

cretion. She does not know that there is such a passion as love in the world, till the gentleman has declared himself, and she obtained time to reflect and consider on the matter. We recommend you to call upon Miss Flirt, (we know her well, she is a lovely, tho' a most provoking girl,) and beg pardon for your conduct: if you love her still, by proper attentions she may relent; so no more about cursing the sex, ('tis beneath the dignity of man!) vowing eternal celibacy, or joining *The Bachelor's Club*;—but especially, and above all never attempt to rhyme again.

EDITOR.

There never was a time, perhaps, in the annals of our city, that offered more food for the pen of satire than the present. Satire is an excellent corrector of the follies of mankind, and does more good to society, than the most bitter declamation. It should always be, (as we believe the following article is) not personal but general—belonging to classes, not to individuals.

SOL-DISANT GENIUS.

However high his attainments, and excellent his gifts, and strong and discriminating his ordinary perception may be, even man follows the impulses of self-approbation, and obeys too often the well-timed allurements of flattery. But the constitution of his mind, firm and self-relying in its original structure, is less subject to the encroachments of vanity and the blandishments of praise, than the more vivacious and erratic spirit of woman. Accustomed to woo, or, in other words, to deal falsely for a while in conformity with the conventional system of things, man learns to pay extravagant compliments to his mistress, unconscious that he has erred—or willing, at all events, to compound for present evil by future good. But the affair wears a different aspect when his heart is no longer interested in the fulsome eulogy he pronounces on his chosen. Then to endure the society of a woman who, in addition to her other particular requirements, taxes every conscience to the utmost for compliments to her unequalled genius, is something more than any thing the afflicted lord of Mesopotamia was erst compelled to suffer. On such occasions every man of sense would be tempted to say, with Maturing's hero, "heaven preserve me, in its infinite mercy, from a woman author!"

Not many months have elapsed since it was my ill-fortune to be thrown into the society of a distant poetess, who, though inheriting from nature a reasonable degree of common sense, had so thoroughly prevented all the qualities of her mind as to render her vivacity disgusting and her sprightliness unendurable. Some three or four years had passed since her first perpetration of poetry, and the unreflective praise of beaux and parvenus had con-

verted overweening self-esteem into the most consummate & egregious extravagance of vanity. For her poetic morceau she had adopted the signature of Modesta. Professedly, an enemy to all affectation of dress or manner, she indulged in a Peter Bell simplicity of demeanour, which could not fail to attract attention from the world; consequently, her love of singularity and her desire of notoriety were gratified at the same moment—though not perhaps, in every instance, according to the tenor of her explanations.

As I said above, I was involuntarily thrown into a dangerous propinquity to Miss Nondescript for about the space of an hour. Having never been actually in purgatory, I cannot exactly declare what sort of a place it may be; but if it is a greater torment than the conceit, affectation, presumption and folly of a young miss who commits rhyme, I would not scruple to give a thousand francs, at least, to redeem a friend's spirit from its horrible limbo. Once more, I say, "heaven preserve me in its infinite mercy, from a woman author! Why is it that a woman cannot endure praise? Why is it that a clever girl, as I acknowledge Miss Nondescript to be, loses all claims to respect, both in her personal and literary character, when a few evanescent compliments are rendered more to the woman than the author? I know not why; but thus it is; and merely lest danger attends our path over

—ignae supposito cineri doloso

than the least intercourse with those whom flattery has pampered into a mushroom conceit as painful to maintain as to endure. Under such circumstances a woman very much resembles "a goose going barefoot." I most cordially agree with Cowley that

—womankind

Is a most untelligible thing.

I know not what the learn'd may see,

But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

Could Miss Nondescript and some other offenders against the Salique law of Apollo behold themselves, for one instant, in the same light as they are beheld, if a particle of common sense can exist beneath the corrupting influence of injurious flattery, I am certain they would no longer expose themselves to the shafts of ridicule or the scarce less pointed smile and derision.

VERTIGO.

For the Gazette and Athenaeum.

STANZAS.

There was a time, thy beaming eye,
There was a time, thy thrilling tone,
There was a time, thy murmuring sigh,
Look'd, spoke, and heav'd for me alone.
But now, thy cold averted look,
But now thy stern and distant words,
And heavenless breast, I cannot brook,
'Thou 'st snapt my bosom's dearest chords.

Yet, Rosa, yet, I can forgive,
Nor e'er a murmur will express,
But hourly pray that thou may'st live
In health, in wealth, and happiness.
I would not curse thee, if I could,
Nor breathe a whisper 'gainst my lot,
And may no thought of me intrude,
But, be I, like thy love, forgot:

For it is meet, it should be so!
Why should remembrance outlive love?
Why should my bosom ever know,
Its pristine joy, when thou do'st prove
So cold and false? I should repose
In death, nor longer live to weep,
As passion flowers their petals close,
When twilight lulls the sun to sleep.

I can forgive—but not forget,
How hopeless thou hast made my heart,
And tho' I wish, yet, Rosa, yet,
I cannot bid thy form depart;
For mem'ry ay will fondly cling,
To days when thou wert kind and true,
As ivy doth its tendrils fling
Around the cheerless, blighted yew.

And I am now a wither'd tree,
Hope's leaves and blossoms, all are dead;
For thou hast been so cold to me,
That all my former joys are fled.
A blighting spell is o'er me cast,
Which, I in vain, strive to outbrave,—
I'll find a resting place at last,
Within the careless, silent grave.

JULIAN.

Pride and Vanity.—Pride is a high born, stern, isolated, incommunicative, and always predominant quality of the mind. It never condescends to name itself—it is silent in its own unquestionable grandeur, while it grasps, defines and analyse every faculty which comes within its observance. Throned on its lofty pedestal, Pride looks down upon things beneath with a benignant eye, whose every glance speaks conscious superiority. Never seeking applause, it never enjoys it. Unto itself it is all in all. Vanity on the contrary, is ceaselessly querulous, ever thirsting in the barren land of its conscious demerit, after living springs of public opinion, even while it affects to despise the very aliment of its overgrown deformity. Itself is the continual theme. An endeavour at dignified haughtiness, too, is a characteristic of Vanity; but the difficult assumption only displays the meanness of envy beneath, that, in valuable garrulity, forever reveals the rancorous desire to erect its own frame on the ruins of other and higher spirits.

When did genuine Pride ever say it was proud? When did not Vanity roll forth its own diseased feelings, "in one weak, washy, everlasting flood!" Alas! for the fallibility of human nature! Alas for the manifold tricks which folly plays before the world it adores and execrates!

(By request.)

Important Discovery for the Citizens of New-

York.—An extensive quarry of beautiful white Marble has lately been discovered on the estate of Van Bugh Livingston, Esq. Yonkers, Westchester County. This quarry is close to the river, and about twenty miles from New-York. The marble can be moved and transported to the city at a comparative small expense. It is free from sand, admits of a fine polish, and as we are informed, yields more readily to the chisel than any other native marble.

We sincerely congratulate our citizens on the discovery of so superior a building material within two hours sail of their city.—We do not doubt it will soon be brought into general use.

To Correspondents.—The communication on the Opera came too late for last week: it is out of time now, as the season has closed.

Lara's Song is too close an imitation of Moore; were he to attempt an original subject, he might succeed better.

Miscellaneous.

BEAUTY.

"The wind passeth over it and it is gone."

That building which is raised upon a solid unalterable foundation, though but plain and simple in its architecture, is much superior to the tastefully constructed temple—which in magnificence, attracts the admiration of many, but whose foundation is weak and shallow. Just so we ought to estimate the noble structure of the human frame—not by the outward form and pleasing figure, but by the principles of virtue, that govern and support the grand pile, and create it proof against the tempests of this life. Solidity forms the valuable property of any specific thing, while ornaments are but the flights of fancy.

In order to sustain the multifarious movements of this life with ease and happiness, extremes should be studiously avoided. Indeed, the extremes of any thing, whether in the natural or moral state of the world, is far from being congenial either with happiness or virtue. "Happiness, as well as virtue," says Johnson, "consists in mediocrity;" and the maxim of "Cleobulus, the Lindion, *mediocrity is best*, has long been considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and human nature." Even the extreme of fortune *forces* upon us many vices and mischiefs, unknown to the middle station of life; while extreme health, one of Nature's most valuable gifts, frequently render us careless and unguarded, and guilty of many irregularities—which at length, interrupt happiness and virtue. Beauty is, of course, an ex-

treme gift of nature; and, if the great Lord Bacon can be relied on, he, evidently shows the injurious effects of this extreme.—"Beautiful women," says he, "are seldom of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue." Bacon well knew the feelings of human nature; and though many may imagine him to have spoken too hastily in this particular, I am induced (without going so far as his lordship) to conceive that his opinion is often too evident. A woman, when possessed of these entangling charms, is conscious of her attractive powers, and studies to render them, if possible, more conspicuous. The great Baroness de Stael was so regardless of accomplishments, that she confessed she would freely exchange half her knowledge for *personal charms*. If it were in the least necessary, innumerable instances could be shown where extremes in beauty has had all the effect which Bacon would wish to attribute to it. The ill-fated Jane Shore, and the crafty Cleopatra, are sufficient evidences.

"Beauty," says Bacon, "is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last." This, like most of that Nobleman's precepts, conveys much truth. It is easy to corrupt, because, in its very nature, it is frivolous and of no importance, and cannot last, because like all matter, it is perishable. Yet, notwithstanding, how many endeavour to cultivate and encourage it, to the neglect of their essential duties and obligations, who, like the poor peacock, when it spreads its well-plumed richly-variegated fan to the admiring crowd, assumes only that which attends ignorance.

That which will, in any shape whatever, whether directly, or indirectly, promote and nourish virtue and happiness, is of itself good, and claims the love of all well-disposed individuals.—Beauty, so far from proving conducive to happiness or virtue, is the parent of misery—the constant attendant on folly—and the source from whence the forsaken husband and the orphan child date the origin of all their miseries. In short, it entails unhappiness on the possessors and the admirers. A cogent argument in support of this is derived from the knowledge, that females possessing these charms always attract strong admiration and *fancied love*—that they become so familiarised to this praise that they are induced to persuade themselves that beauty is a pre-eminent quality, and needs only to be known to receive protection and support.

Beauty has received censure from ancient as well as modern writers, and there seems to have been some occasion for it. Socrates, in speaking of it, has described it as a short-lived tyranny; and Theophrastus, as a "silent fraud." The ancient ladies seem to have outdone all attempts on the part of our modern ladies to farther personal charms. The Ro-

man ladies used *chalk* and *white lead*, or paints, for we are told by Martial, that "Fabula was afraid of the rain, on account of the chalk on her face; and Lobella of the sun because of the *ceruse* with which her face was painted; and that the famous Poppæa, first the mistress and afterwards wife of Nero, made use of an unction paint, which hardened upon the face and entirely changed the original features.

To beg pardon of your female readers for saying thus much, and to speak the truth much blame is attributable to Man, for first placing a higher value upon beauty than it merited. It is they themselves who set the value upon it, and women demand no more. Men have been found weak enough to dedicate the *whole* of their actions to the charms of, beauty—and what more can be had?

As a closing word, I would wish to impress upon all minds, that beauty, though princes have resigned dignity and power to possess it—though the philosopher has yielded at its touch—though the poet has laboured much in its praise—though the stubborn heart has been softened by its influence—though all men, from the diadem to the peasant, have become slaves (and glory in the slavery) to its power, at best, frequently loses its charms, and often proves as poison concealed within the folds of her garment.

PROCRASTINATION.

"I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW."—Of all the methods which man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant, to this purpose, "all the good you will ever do—all the labour you will ever do—must be done TO-DAY—for there is no to-morrow." The period of time which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-morrow, to us, may become to-day or eternity. To suspend any thing important, then, upon so absolute an uncertainty, is madness—as saith the poet,

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to you may never rise."

But even if it ever does return, the thing called opportunity, may not return with it.

My aunt Dorothy was the first example I ever had of the sad evil of this, I'll do it to-morrow mania. She was a very pretty gay girl and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young men in abundance at one time or another paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers neither, just fit to be worn a few days and then shook off; but were, some of them worth listening to, had the means to marry, and so forth. But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as

most girls do, you know, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them I know not; she kept to-morrow and to-morrow; but at last the golden chances all went by—and she was left to sing the sad ditty of

"Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo."

In ancient times this disposition to procrastination existing in the mind of one great man, was the pivot upon which the fortunes of the world turned. You remember Hannibal at Cannæ. When the Roman legions were broken and destroyed, the city panic struck and defenceless, Hannibal said I will march to-morrow, until his enemy gathered strength; again put on his armour; and the time to conquer, had gone by forever. Had it not been for this Carthage might have worn the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of time.

A great deal of decision is necessary, if we would prosper. No one was ever successful to any considerable extent, without it. To-morrow! it is a cheat. And it deceives us principally in time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring to fill up its every vacant moment. Thus, when it comes it disappoints us by presenting itself with its own cares and wants, and without a space in which to deposit those of the time that is past—Well hath Young said,

The day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose is going,
Scarce now possess'd so suddenly 'tis gone.

THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the *New-York Literary Gazette*, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List—no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly—but when once inserted there shall it remain.

JONES' "CHURCH HISTORY."—A few copies of the *First American Edition* of "THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century; including the very interesting Account of the Waldenses and Albigenses," may be had, at the Bookstore of Gould & Banks, corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, opposite the Park, and at the Printing Office, corner of Washington and Vesey streets.

A. WILLIAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
ALSO, AGENT FOR LOANING MONEY, AND
INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE,
No. 500 Grand street.

THEODORE ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public and Commissioner.

No. 32 PINE-STREET, NEW-YORK.

BOOK-BINDING.—THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the *BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS*, in all its various branches, at No. 83, Cross-street, where all who may favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

A general assortment of blank books for sale.

JOHN H. MINUSE.

N. B. Subscribers to the "*Literary Gazette*" can have their volumes bound in calf, or any kind of binding, by sending them to the above place.

Music books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice.—July 1.

AMERICAN TRAVELLER, AND STAGE REGISTER.

THE TRAVELLER is published on Tuesdays and Fridays, on a large imperial sheet, by Badger & Porter, at No. 81 Court-street, Boston, and contains a great variety of Literary and Scientific matter—Manufacturing, Agricultural and Commercial Intelligence—information interesting and important to travellers—the latest Foreign and Domestic news—Marine list—Prices Current &c. &c. As a vehicle of general advertising it offers singular advantages, having a more extensive circulation among places of public resort, such as Stage Houses, Steam-Boats, Hotels, Reading Rooms, &c. than any other paper in New-England.

The Stage Register, a publication very useful to travellers, is issued in a neat pamphlet form as an accompaniment to the Traveller, once in two months: and furnishes a full account of the principal line of Stages Steam-Boats, and Canal Packets in the New-England states and the state of New-York.

Price of the Traveller, \$4 per ann.; of the Traveller and Register, \$5 per ann. half in advance.
July, 1836.

BOOK, JOB & FANCY PRINTING,

At the "Athenæum" Printing-Office, corner of Washington and Vesey streets,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

JAMES G. BROOKS,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR,
OFFICE NO. 4, WALL STREET, NEW-YORK.

TERMS—Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance.—Subscriptions must commence with the first No. of a Volume, prospectively or retrospectively.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than one year, and notices of discontinuance must be given one month previous to the close of a volume.—Letters must be post-paid